

Dynamic

Woman forgot nothing marries--adds
to everyone's burdens presently!

Except Groom's, a steady-state-
drunk laughing this newest farce

away. Both tribes despair

at the ludicrous match, fret
fate of Clans' staid bourgeois
reputations when kids erratically born?

So what? Life, itself, struggles
regardless. Big Deal! tee-

totales she between his un-
conscionable belts of crap-booze:

Endless Loop!

Yeah, but our Bride smells nice still!

Meantime Groom-Souse drops vile
poop, proclaiming the grunting-while

his muddled stores of bitterly disagreeing
knowledge as the only way to begin
getting *anywhere* in learned discourse.
For answer, she

giggles here and there as to him as

“#1 sexy bastard going!” (referencing
those few times he’s half-sober...
or brutally hungover.)

They've bought motorcycle!

Would you believe?

She, only, drives for he's
forever fogged when plotting
to seek a license.

But and a MUST! She's only happy In
CONTROL. That never, ever, has
changed. Nor will.

Uh, True Love, then, knows more
then it lets on? That awfully Weird?
YES?

Nope.